

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 488.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1841.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

VISIT TO LINCOLN.

I HAD for many years felt an inclination to visit Lincoln, partly in consequence of the fame of its cathedral—deemed one of the most magnificent fanes of the Christian religion in existence—but more particularly from a tendency, which defies all the more reasonable parts of my nature, to think with fondness of any place or thing which is intimately associated with traditional poetry, or indeed any of the simple notions and narratives which have come down to us from the childhood of the people. It must appear most ridiculous; yet I cannot but confess that the old story of the Jew of Lincoln—the common saying as to a certain famous personage looking over Lincoln—the popular wonderment, as if in the vales of Scotland as in the land of the southron, as to the great Tom of Lincoln—and, finally, those frequent allusions to "Lincoln green" in the Robin Hood ballads, with King James's line,

"Their gowns were of the Lincoln light,"

occurring in his "Christ's Kirk," and that everlasting recurrence of the same idea whenever an English or Scotch balladist has to describe a ghost vanishing at daybreak—

"The young cock crew in merry Lincoln,
The wild-fowl chirp'd for day"—

as if Lincoln were the only place in whose neighbourhood visitants from the other world ever appeared, or which had cocks to warn them away—or as if the Lincoln cocks crew for all the ghosts in the world—had given me an interest in this city far beyond what the most remarkable scene of commercial enterprise could excite. With such memories in my brain, but with a very indistinct idea, or rather no idea at all, of what kind of town, in its general features, Lincoln is, I approached it from Hull (at which I debarked from a Leith steamer) in a fine forenoon of April in the present year.

The reality went beyond my dreams in all respects. Lincoln is a preserved town of the middle ages—a striking engraftment of Saxon upon Roman antiquities, and Norman upon Saxon, and an Elizabethan town upon all; exhibiting, indeed, memorials of almost all the past and gone things of English history, and surprisingly little of the tastes and habits of modern men, to mar or interfere with the effect. First of all, the situation is extremely happy. Amidst the wide-extended plains of eastern England, some of which are here but recently redeemed from a fenny condition, there is a tract of slightly raised or tableland, several miles in extent, and terminating towards the south in what for England may be called a steep slope. On the abrupt verge of this tract, and along the slope below it, the city of Lincoln, containing about fourteen thousand inhabitants, is situated. The cathedral and older part of the city are placed on the high ground: the more modern town descends along the slope into the plain below, where it is intersected by the river Witham. Rising from ground so eminent, the cathedral of Lincoln is considered as possessing the finest site of any similar building in England. The same advantage is enjoyed by the remains of a Norman castle to the west of the cathedral, and several other buildings of an elegant or impressive character. It may hence be imagined that the spectacle presented by Lincoln to those approaching it from the south—erected with grand military and ecclesiastical towers—is of no common kind in England.

The natural advantages of the situation probably caused it to be early adopted as a seat of collected population by the British aborigines. Afterwards, the Romans established upon the spot a town of the cha-

acter of a *colonia*, that is, one in which the soldiers were citizens, each holding a piece of the neighbouring land. This town, which was of square form, surrounded by a wall and fosse, was called by them *Lindum*, a word probably derived, as was usual, from the earlier British appellation. It seems not unlikely that the British appellation contained the syllable *Lin*, meaning in Celtic a pool—and which, by the way, forms the first syllable of London and the second of Dublin—being peculiarly appropriate in the present instance, considering that the site would then be enclosed in pools, which afterwards became fens. So also the appellation of this district of Lincolnshire, *Lindsey*, would mean the island of pools, or the tract of dry land amidst pools. Subsequently, the present name Lincoln would be arrived at by a combination of *Lindum* and *colonia*. When the Romans had passed away, the city continued to be a place of note amidst the tempestuous ages of the Heptarchy and the Danish invasions; and, after the Conquest, it rose into still greater distinction. William here built a powerful fortress, and, during his reign, the see of Dorchester being transferred hither, the present cathedral was commenced. At that period, as William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon assure us, Lincoln was a populous and thriving town. That it possessed great commercial importance is proved in a remarkable manner by the re-opening, in the reign of Henry I., of a canal originally formed by the Romans, extending from the Witham to the Trent at Yorksey, and completing a circle of inland navigation of the greatest consequence. At that period, there were fifty or more parochial churches in Lincoln—a number, as compared with the probable population, which gives a striking idea at once of the wealth of the place and the religious ideas of the people. The see of Lincoln was the largest and one of the richest in England. Those of Ely, Peterborough, and Oxford, were all taken out of it. The bishop had no fewer than twenty houses or palaces, chiefly within his diocese. A writer mentions, with much naïveté, that, till the Reformation, there was no mention of any Bishop of Lincoln having ever been translated to another see, except Winchester, though, since then, seventeen translations have taken place. The city, as well as the see, is no longer relatively what it was, though, as a cathedral and county town, possessing some inland business of various kinds, and presenting many objects of antiquarian interest, it is still a place of considerable note.

The cathedral, situated on the eminent ground already described, is universally acknowledged to be the finest Gothic edifice in the kingdom with respect to exterior, York Minster being only superior with regard to the inside. The exterior length, including the buttresses, is 516 feet; the width of the west end is 174 feet. There is a double set of transepts, the longest (towards the west) being in exterior length 250 feet, and in width 66. The vaulting of the nave is 80 feet from the pavement below. There are three towers; one central, above 270 feet high, and two towards the west, 180 feet each. These must be allowed to be splendid proportions. "The exterior," says Dr Dibdin, "presents at least four perfect specimens of the succeeding styles of the first four orders of Gothic architecture. The greater part of the front [by which the western extremity is meant] may be as old as the time of its founder, Bishop Remigius, at the end of the eleventh century: but even here may be traced invasions and intermixtures up to the fifteenth century. The western towers carry you to the end of the twelfth century; then succeeds a wonderful extent of early English, or the pointed arch. The transepts begin with the twelfth, and come down to the

middle of the fourteenth century; and the interior, especially the choir and the aisles, abounds with the most exquisitely varied specimens of that period. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, insects, capriccios of every description, encircle the arches or shafts, and sparkle upon the capitals of pillars. Even down to the reign of Henry VIII., there are two private chapels, to the left of the smaller south porch, or entrance, which are perfect gems of art."

When, passing through a vaulted archway, under an old building named the Exchequer, I first entered the close of Lincoln, and saw the immense edifice rising before me, I felt an impression which I can never forget. In contemplating a fabric so vast, so elegant, and so ancient, it seemed as if the productions of nature were not beyond being rivalled by man's works, either in grandeur or perpetuity. The west front contains, as Dr Dibdin has remarked, some of the oldest parts of the edifice. These are composed of small square stones, which give a chequered appearance to this part of the building; and it is easy to trace the lines of separation between the original and added pieces of masonry. It is a curious peculiarity of the Gothic architecture, that, while the general impression is always fine, the details, when narrowly looked into, are often grotesque—in other instances, only ingenious and pretty. In the west front of Lincoln are some rude old sculptures, representing spirits tormented by devils, and a few scriptural scenes most rudely conceived and executed. There is also to be detected, on a pinnacle, a peasant blowing a horn, being, it is said, no other than the swineherd of Stow, a person who, being probably an oddity in his day, or giving some donation to the church, had been thought worthy by an early bishop of this distinction. Entering the church by a great door underneath this front, the attention is attracted to another still more ridiculous thing, namely, some side-doorways built in the Roman style of architecture, and therefore grossly out of harmony with the rest of the building. This outrage upon good taste was perpetrated by an obscure architect, who regarded Gothic architecture with contempt, or was ignorant of it, and was restrained in these matters by no considerations as to congruity. All other feelings, however, are now lost in contemplating the stupendous extent of the interior, as the eye wanders along the vast nave, over the screen of the choir, and rests at last upon the dimly seen colours of the remote east window.

On arriving underneath the great central tower, we find the principal transept extending on each side, each equal in size to a goodly church, and each terminated by a splendid circular window of ancient stained glass, slightly unequal in size and form of structure. The more beautiful one, towards the south, has a mulioned frame of the most florid and graceful character, inasmuch that, though there were no stained glass in it, it would still be a highly beautiful and interesting object. There is also a casing of open stone carved-work around it, of a strikingly beautiful character. The inequality of these two magnificent windows—one fine, the other finer—and the latter being composed of smaller pieces of glass, have led to a verger's legend, which will remind the reader of the almost universal tale of the 'Prentice's Pillar. It is said that, the master of the work having completed one, his apprentice ambitiously offered to undertake the other, using only the small pieces of glass left by the master. The offer was accepted, the window finished, and a day appointed for the public to view both. The master, in the pride and confidence of his superior skill, took

his place on a ledge immediately under or over his own window, probably to withdraw the covering. The gazers looked with admiration on his work, but, when the other was revealed to them, became so enthusiastic in their expressions of astonishment and delight, that the master, in the agony of his disappointment, threw himself from his elevated position, and was killed by the fall. The Penny Magazine, which relates this story, adds that the vergers have for some time ceased to tell it to visitors, in consequence of finding it usually received with some degree of ridicule.

It may be necessary for many of the inhabitants of non-episcopal countries, such as Scotland, to mention that, in English cathedrals, there is no seating or furnishing in any part but that corresponding to the upper limb of the cross—namely, the choir. The central part of this portion of the edifice is usually enclosed by a narrow range of raised seats on each side, these seats being for the dignitaries and other official persons; and, generally, above them on each side, and in other parts of the enclosed space, there is much beautiful work in carved wood; the whole being used as a place for the daily performance of what is called cathedral service. The choir is therefore, practically, an abridgment of the church for common use—reminding one of the old Scottish saying, adduced so ludicrously by Peter Peebles, "If we cannot preach in the kirk, we may sing mass in the quier." In the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, the carved wood-work is of the fourteenth century, and, for its age, wonderfully entire and beautiful. The reading desk rests on a brazen eagle, rising from the floor, of the age of Charles II. In the usual place between the choir and the body of the church, is a gallery containing a magnificent organ.

These are the main and striking features of the cathedral. When we come to detail, we find much to interest, and, what is rather odd, a little to amuse. To the east of the altar in the choir, is a considerable vacant space underneath the oriel window. This contains a number of altar-shaped tombs of lords, ladies, and prelates, generally adorned with beautiful carved work and figures. On one the figures are a series of gentlemen and ladies, in ancient costume, remarkable for the variety of the attitudes, and the grace and spirit of the execution, though most are now somewhat mutilated. One of these tombs is that of Catherine Swynford, one of the wives of John of Gaunt, and a progenitrix of Henry VII. Before the Reformation, some of the tombs of the more venerated prelates were adorned with shrines of pure gold—of which metal 2021 ounces (besides 4285 of silver) were taken from this church by Henry VIII. One bishop, St Hugh de Grenoble, who died in 1200, had attained high esteem on account of his scholarly qualities and magnificent style of living. Two kings, John of England and William of Scotland, assisted at his funeral, and a shrine was erected over him, of beaten gold, eight feet long by four in breadth. A later diocesan, named Richard Fleming, attained distinction from an opposite cause, namely, great asceticism. The vergers tell that he endeavoured to fast for forty days in imitation of Christ, and died about eleven days short of the proposed period, reduced to perfect skin and bone; in which form his body is represented on his tomb near the north-east door. A Bishop Longland, of the reign of Henry VIII., and confessor of that monarch, erected a beautiful chapel at the south side of the choir, to serve as his tomb, and, though it so chanced that he was buried elsewhere, we see inscribed over this structure the following quaint play upon his name in Gothic characters—"LONGA TERRA MENSTRUM EJUS DOMINUS DEDIT" (Long land—the Lord has given him his length of it.) I observed, on this and some other parts of the church, a few pocket-knife scribbles of dates unusually remote—for instance, "1696," "1643," and "1623;" one inscription, very neatly cut, was "John Whalley, 1676."

A cloister—that is to say, a small quadrangular series of buildings, with a piazza looking inwards, wherein processions formerly passed—adjoins to the cathedral on the north side. Connected with it is a chapter-house—as usual, a large and elegant octagonal room, with a central pillar; it was roared by the Bishop Hugh above mentioned. In the interior of the quadrangle is a small modern structure, of the character of a shed, designed as a covering to a curious Roman remnant found there fifty years ago—namely, the pavement of a bath or sudatory. This pavement is composed of small bricks, of different colours, and so arranged as to produce an effect not unlike that of a Turkey carpet. Sir Joseph Banks was so much interested in this curious relic, that he used to visit it annually, like a pilgrim coming to a beloved shrine. From its being some feet below the present surface, we may judge how much rubbish had accumulated on the ground between the Roman and the Norman periods. The cathedral library occupies the north side of the quadrangle—a reconstruction by Wren, in his

favourite but here most unsuitable style. The collection is described with rapture by Dr Dibdin, as containing many curious old books and manuscripts. In the hall is to be seen a portrait of Dean Honeywood, the founder of this library, with one of his grandmother—a remarkable person in her way, as, living to ninety-three, she left 367 lawful descendants, amongst whom were 16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and 9 of the fourth generation.

Near the south-east angle of the church, there is a beautiful porch, adorned with statues of Edward I., his queen, and other personages, by sculptors of that age, deemed the golden one of early English sculpture. The figures, though much mutilated by the Puritan soldiers, who used this glorious minister as a barnack, are strikingly elegant, particularly in the arrangements of the drapery, from which Flaxman himself did not disdain to take hints. There is another and larger porch on the south side, called the Galilee, "a genuine and delicious specimen," says Dibdin, "of early English architecture." It forms a space sufficient to contain a considerable number of people, and for this there is said to have been a reason of utility. The Galilee was a common appendage of great churches, and probably considered as a part of them less sacred than the rest, or rather perhaps as a part representative of the unconsecrated ground of the world at large. Here preliminaries to admission, as in baptism, proselytism, the churching of women, penance, &c., were performed. In monasteries, the monks had interviews with their secular friends in the Galilee, and, when doing penance, they were here exposed, before being received back into communion with the brethren. The name probably arose from some quaint reference to the text, "Lo! he goeth before you into Galilee." In the principal tower is hung the enormous bell called the *Great Tom of Lincoln*, weighing, in its present form, 5 tons 8 cwt., and measuring in diameter at the rim 6 feet 10½ inches. This huge engine of sound was recast, with the addition of a ton to its weight, in 1834, the former bell being of date 1610. It is now a heavier, as well as a softer and sweeter bell, than that of St Paul's.

There is an architectural curiosity to which the attention of strangers is usually directed. After a painful climbing of narrow spiral stairs in the western extremity of the building, we find ourselves in a garret-like place between the vaulted roof of the nave and the lead cover of the church. Here we have on each hand one of the towers which adorn the west front of the cathedral, the intermediate space being twenty-two feet. Between the one tower and the other springs a slip of arch-shaped masonry, about a foot in thickness, two feet in breadth, and with a rise of only fourteen inches. It might almost be mistaken for a broad thick plank planted between the two towers, and which had been crushed into a curved form by a slight pressure from either end. Accordingly, it is called the *Stone Beam*. It is difficult to see what rational purpose it could have served, unless to give warning if the two towers were inclined to shift their position; but the probability is, that it is a mere sport or whim of those who dictated its erection. When one jumps down upon it, it vibrates under the pressure, as real timber would do; and the act is therefore one which cannot well be performed with unshaken nerves.

Altogether, Lincoln cathedral excites, more than any other Gothic church I have ever seen, the consideration of how much of the best genius of the middle ages had been concentrated upon architecture, sculpture, and all the other arts which could conduce to the setting off of Christian worship. When one compares such a building as this, in all its grandeur of magnitude and elegance of detail, with the appliances which then existed for the domestic comfort of the people, it seems as if all superior intelligence had run, almost exclusively, into this peculiar channel. The cathedral is, as might be expected, an object of great veneration in the city. On its being rumoured, above a hundred years ago, that the spires were to be removed from the western towers, the people rose in a tumult to prevent it. When this object was finally accomplished in 1606, its promoters experienced abundance of clamour, and neither prose nor verse was spared on the occasion. Considering the absolute claims of the building to admiration, and the interest which it gives to the city in the eyes of strangers, and the numbers of these who are attracted by it to Lincoln, we cannot wonder at its being the subject of so much affection. A Lincoln boy, who wanders abroad and grows old in distant climes, remembers the cathedral, as a Swiss remembers his native mountains, or the beautiful lake reposing at their feet. Those who spend their days beside it, feel as if it were a part of themselves. A gentleman informed me that it was one of his profoundest reflections that he possessed a right to lay his bones beneath the magnificent tower which tells forty miles off the situation of his native city. Even the humble officials whose duty it is to show this fine minister grow sentimental from long connexion with it. There was lately one who had become too old to continue any longer in active duty, and who accordingly demitted his functions to a son. He had for a long time, while living by the fireside of his children, ceased to know where he was, and had almost forgot the faces of his own kindred; when, being led one day into the cathedral, he surprised them all by recognising its features, and pronouncing its name. The habit of sixty years had fixed its image deep in

his nature, and, when every thing else was obliterated, some faint traces of this still remained.

The remainder of our observations on this ancient city must be deferred to next week.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

TENTH ARTICLE.—COMMERCIAL RESTRICTIONS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS.

"It may happen," says Bentham, speaking of the intercourse of nations with each other, "to be a misfortune that our neighbour is rich: it is certainly one that he be poor." And in continuation he says: "Jealousies against rich nations are only founded on mistakes and misunderstandings: it is with these nations that the most profitable commerce is carried on; it is from these that the returns are most abundant, the most rapid, and the most certain. Great capitals produce the greatest division of labour, the most perfect machines, the most active competition among the merchants, the most extended credits, and, consequently, the lowest prices. Each nation, in receiving from the richest every thing which it furnishes, at the lowest rate, and of the best quality, would be able to devote its capital exclusively to the most advantageous branches of industry." Very different have, unfortunately, been the sentiments that have long prevailed regarding national commercial intercourse. That the poverty of our neighbours is our own riches and prosperity, has been continually urged and acted upon. It is to the great master of political economy, Adam Smith, that we owe the first great efforts to dispel a prejudice, which, by offering a reward to selfishness, and exclusive rapacity, tended to darken the opinion of mankind as to the extent of the justice and wisdom that characterise the arrangements of the world. When, in 1787, Pitt brought forward his plan for a commercial treaty with France, on the principle of reciprocity, the Bishop of Landaff, in a memorable speech, told the legislature and the country, that "the wealth of France was the poverty of Britain, its strength our weakness, its dignity our disgrace." Although such sentiments will scarcely be now expressed in any quarter, a certain amount of the feeling they so strongly represented still exists. On a late occasion, when a treaty with the same country was under discussion, some merchants in London, who were interested in its not taking place, drew up a statement in pounds, shillings, and pence, of the exact amount which this country was said to lose even by the present system in its trade with France, that amount being the difference in value between our imports from that country and our exports thither. The trouble of drawing up the statement would not have been taken, had it not been supposed that some people would listen to it.

The tangible form of this fallacy is in the old principle of "the balance of trade," which viewed all the exports of a country as so much gain, and all the imports as so much loss. "If we buy a thousand pounds' worth of goods from a nation," said this principle, "and sell them five hundred pounds' worth, we are just losers to the extent of five hundred pounds by the transaction. Let us, therefore, take measures to turn the balance the other way. Let us impose heavy duties on the goods of that country, or, if that will not do, let us prohibit them altogether. Let us give every encouragement to the exportation of goods; and, rather than lose the balance in our favour, let us pay people to export who do not find the trade sufficiently profitable to induce them to do so." A great part of the fallacy of this proposition arises from a mistake which we have already discussed—an idea that money, instead of being a measure of value, and a means of exchange, is the sole element of commercial riches. With this understanding, the balance of trade seemed very simple. It resolved itself into this—"Money is the object of all commerce, and the more money we get, the more profitable are our transactions." If we were to strike a balance of trade in the present age, we would take a different measure. Money we would consider not the final object of trade, but merely one of the instruments of acquiring it. We would look to serviceable commodities—the usual objects of human utility and desire, food, clothing, luxuries, and ornaments—as the elements from which the calculation should be made; and say that the nation which possessed the greatest quantity of these, had the balance of trade in its favour. To say that an excess of imports over exports in our relations with any other people, proved that the trade was more profitable to us than to them, would be the adoption of a counter-fallacy; but it would, probably, not be far distant from the truth to argue, that where the whole imports of one nation exceed those of another, the former is thus shown to be the richer of the two. However the circumstance be brought about, it shows that it can buy more; and buying is with nations, as with individuals, one of the outward signs of affluence. It is true that we may imagine a people, as well as an individual, wasting their resources; but it is not the act of mere buying that will constitute this in either case. The man of large fortune purchases, in the course of a moderate expenditure, what would ruin his poor neighbour; and the value of the ten annually purchased by Britain, would drain off the whole resources of Denmark. It is not in the amount of its purchases that we can trace a nation's ruin, but

in the bankruptcies, idleness, and starvation, which show that it is failing to produce the means of outlay.

The ultimate object of the balance-of-trade system was to sell to every body and buy nothing, and thus obtain money from all quarters, and part with none. The impracticability of the theory was the chief safety of those who acted on it. Spain having the misfortune to possess the precious metals in her own dominions, was ruined by it; and the hold she kept of the instrument of her destruction probably saved some other nations from suicide. Instead of endeavouring to accumulate as much as possible of the precious metals, mercantile communities, when left to themselves, generally exercise all their ingenuity to conduct business with as little as possible; for, being serviceable in exchange, money is, like every other useful thing, expensive. But the evil of a great increase of the precious metals in a country, is not confined to its expense. If commodities be not increased in the same ratio, the relative position of money to commodities is altered, and the pecuniary position of individuals is disturbed by a fluctuation of prices. If the quantity of gold and silver in a country be doubled, while the commodities which they are the means of purchasing are not increased, prices are doubled, and people who live on fixed salaries have their incomes reduced one-half. If the money is parted with, and commodities bought with it, the falsity of the balance of trade is acknowledged. If a country should acquire a quantity of gold beyond what it requires for use, and which it resolves not to send abroad, the next best use that can be made of it is, locking it up in coffers, as the Chinese do, where, though it will not bear interest or be the means of doing good, it will at least be kept out of the way of doing harm.

Many who have given up their adherence to the principle of a balance of gold, have adopted another, a more plausible and less selfish defence of commercial restrictions. They say—"Let us avoid as far as possible taking the commodities of foreigners, that we may encourage our own producers—our agriculturists and manufacturers; as we have the means of giving employment, let us employ our own people, not foreigners." If you first prove the necessity of supporting some particular class of our own producers, without reference to the welfare of the community at large, this doctrine is perfectly sound. For instance, if certain individuals should commence the manufacture of wine from grapes grown in hothouses in this country, and if the legislature thought right to protect and encourage these men in such their trade, without any consideration for the cost of wine to the community at large, the best means of effecting the project would be by either prohibiting the importation of French and Portuguese wines entirely, or by imposing such duties on them as would make people prefer purchasing the home produce. Such an arrangement might be profitable to glaziers and market-gardeners, but to the community at large it would be a distinct loss, and any other modification, less extravagant, of the same practice, would just cause a loss according to the difference between the price of the home and that of the foreign commodity.

Some people, who would admit all this, would still say, that whatever be the inconvenience, such arrangements must be submitted to, because there is no other means by which we can ensure our population being employed. Foreign nations will sell to us readily, but they will not buy from us in return, and thus we will destroy the means of livelihood of some great part of our population. The answer to this is, that foreign nations will take our produce in return, and thus, as each buys from the cheapest market, both will be benefited. An adversary may say, "All very well, but I chafe to maintain the reverse; I say, that after we have bought from other countries, they will pocket our money and never show their face again till they want to sell; and what grounds have you for declaring that this will not be the case?" To such a method of putting the case, the answer of the opponent is not always clear and ready. A little detail may therefore perhaps be excused, for the purpose of showing how it is absolutely necessary that for the goods we buy we must part with others, and get value for them, unless the purchasers cheat us, and get off without paying; and, when the matter is closely looked at, it will probably be admitted that a dread of our ruining ourselves, from not being able to sell as we buy, is much about as well founded, as if some man with money in his pocket were in terror of starvation, from an impression that all the bakers in the world should simultaneously refuse to sell him bread.

When a foreign merchant enters into a bargain to send goods to Britain, it will be a primary consideration with him how he is to be paid. If he can afford to carry on both an import and an export trade, he will generally find the most advantageous way of receiving payment to be by a cargo of British goods in return, because he will thus make a new profit—he will have the profit of two transactions out of the trouble of little more than one. Suppose, however, that he does not deal in any British produce, or that, for some other reason, it is more convenient for him to get money than goods. Does he in this case get so many bags of gold coin sent to him by the usual conveyance? No, indeed. This would be a very expensive and perilous transmission, and one that would very probably have effectually frightened the merchant from transmitting goods to a place which had no

better means of paying him. The payment is generally made by the British merchant buying a bill on the place where his correspondent lives; in other words, getting an order to some neighbour of his correspondent abroad to pay the money to him. Thus, A of Hamburg having sold hemp to B of London, B pays him by a bill on D of Hamburg. But why should D of Hamburg pay this money to A? Simply because for something he has bought in Britain he would have to send it over, unless the question of debtor and creditor between the two places were thus adjusted. To enable this adjustment to take place, it is evident that British produce must have been exported to make up for the foreign produce imported. But suppose that the state in question is possessed of the restrictive mania, and declares that no British goods shall enter its ports, still the payments will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be made in paper-money of some sort or other—not in bullion; and this paper-money, if it be good, that is, if it represent value, must be the equivalent of goods exported from this country. Thus it happens that our export trade may not always be directly to the place from which we import. Of two continental states, we may buy from one to which we do not sell, and sell to one from which we do not buy; yet, nevertheless, the buying and selling will be each the counterpart and occasion of the other—the money transactions being balanced, not by our receiving money from the selling country and sending to the buying, but by a compensation and balance between these two places. In short, the bills and other paper-money sent abroad to pay for the goods we buy from foreigners, can be of value in no other form than as the representatives of commodities sent abroad to pay them with.

When the state of commerce between two countries is in such a position that there is a pecuniary balance which cannot be conveniently and speedily settled by drafts, it becomes worth while to transfer a portion of gold to make up the difference. The persons who undertake the export, deal in gold as they would do in any other mercantile commodity; and as they would not undertake the transaction unless they were likely to gain by it, the inference is, that it must be profitable to themselves, and, being so, must be profitable to the community to which they belong. Now, gold, as we showed in our first article, is an import of this country, which we cannot obtain except by exporting some of our own produce in return, and consequently, even when we pay for a foreign commodity in gold—a comparatively rare case, because it is seldom that the acquisition of the precious metals is very convenient to our correspondents abroad—we still, in the long run, pay for it with commodities of home produce. It may happen, to be sure, and sometimes does, that parting with the gold, though profitable, is not convenient, as it may cramp some of our commercial operations at home, by rendering the circulating medium deficient, just as a rich man may find some temporary inconvenience in spending all his ready money, though on a good bargain. It is thus, we think, pretty clear, that in no circumstances can we purchase commodities from abroad without giving, either directly or indirectly, produce of our own—the results of industry in agriculture or manufactures—in return. Either the nation from which we buy buys back again from us, or it buys from some neighbour that deals with us; and, even in the case of our being obliged to send gold, the very circumstance of our possessing that commodity shows that we have exported something in exchange for what we are importing.

So much for efforts to discourage the importation of foreign products; another method by which attempts have been made to secure the balance of trade, has been by encouragements to our own productions and to their exportation. The system of granting bounties on exportation, once carried to a vast extent in this country, and latterly supported, against the almost universal conviction of the disinterested part of the commercial world, by particular interests, has now almost disappeared. The operation is a very simple one. It consists in merely paying a merchant a sum of money for exporting certain goods. In comparison with the policy of restrictions, it has been characterised as liberal; and certainly it may safely be called so with respect to foreigners, to whom it is a direct gift. If Prussia and Britain can both sell stockings to the French at 6s. per dozen, without encouragement, and Britain, to have the monopoly of the market, grants a bounty of a shilling on each dozen exported, so as to enable them to be sold at four shillings, there is no doubt that we should secure the market for ourselves, on the simple condition of paying a fifth of the cost of every Frenchman's stockings. To lighten the expenses of Frenchmen, or of any other set of men, is of itself doing so much good; but unfortunately it cannot be accomplished except at the cost of taxes at home, from which our share of the price of the stockings would have to be paid.

Another method of encouraging home produce, is by giving or advancing money to individuals to encourage them to conduct some branch of manufactures. If the money be a gift, or a loan not repaid, it can seldom be otherwise than a sheer loss—it will be exactly as if an individual were to carry on a trade which costs him, instead of returning him, a certain sum annually. Abstractly considered, all bounties given to encourage particular branches of trade are on a wrong principle, and, in point of fact, each bounty

is so much money taken from the pockets of a whole community to enrich a favoured few. Yet instances may occur in which it will be for the national advantage to grant bounties, but only for a time, till a specific object is accomplished. Thus, the bounty once given to encourage the herring fishery, is to be viewed as a bribe to induce a set of lazy fishermen to go to sea and catch the food that floated past our shores. This bribe had its effect. It set a-going a highly lucrative branch of trade, and in due course of time was very properly withdrawn.

To sum up, the whole question of commercial restrictions resolves itself into this—shall the community at large suffer in order that a few may be benefited? It seems most extraordinary that persons should be found who will allege that such should be the case. In what class of society, it may be asked, are these blinded individuals found? We answer, in *all*. Let not the artisan blame the West India planter or the British land-owner for the narrowness of their views; he himself too often bands with his fellows to preserve intact his own peculiar monopoly of labour. Let not the mercantile and trading classes either be too ready to impute blame to others above or below them in the social scale. Is there not in almost every town in the United Kingdom the most contemptible restrictions on trade—corporation privileges and what not? The truth is, mankind, as we are told by a very high authority, are ever remarkably clever in seeing the mote in other people's eyes while they take care to be quite oblivious of their own. To allow that that is good by which we individually are exposed to some real or imaginary loss, while all the rest of the world are benefited, appears almost too much for human nature.

PEACE OR WAR.

A FRENCH STORY.

THE enjoyment of travelling in a carriage, with all due deference to Dr Samuel Johnson be it said, depends much upon the company in which one is placed at the time. So at least thought the lady whose history is destined to form the subject of consideration at present.

Madame de Sareuil had been married in very early youth, almost in the days of her girlhood; and the partner to whom her parents had united her, was a man well advanced in years. There existed little sympathy between the parties thus thrown together, either as regarded tastes or character, yet Madame de Sareuil conducted herself in such a manner as to defy the reproaches of the world, or of her own conscience—the more severe censor of the two. Her husband, fortunately, was a good-natured man, but he was an invalid, and this circumstance led to a constant trial of the lady's better qualities. She accompanied M. de Sareuil to the springs of Baden, and watched over him with great attention. It was on their return from that place, while they were posting by easy stages to Paris, that Madame de Sareuil felt the want of good companionship to render her journey interesting. She did not complain of the peevishness of her husband, though he was often peevish; she merely felt a blank—a want of some one to talk with, and reciprocate the sentiments called up by the scenery through which her journey lay. She was within a few hours' travel of Paris, when she began to think her husband's lengthened silence somewhat odd. He had leaned heavily, too, upon her shoulder for some half hour or so. She tried to shift her position a little. In doing so, she took away the support upon which her husband rested, and, to her horror, he fell instantly forward upon the front of the carriage. She screamed aloud, and the postilion stopped. On attempting to raise M. de Sareuil, it was found that he was dead.

Madame de Sareuil was now a widow, and a rich one. It must be admitted that her sorrow, though of a decent amount and quality, was not inextinguishable. Her husband had never shown that inclination to please which might have compensated the want of congenial years and tastes on his part. Her year of mourning over, Madame de Sareuil certainly felt herself happier in her widowhood than she had ever done in her wedded state. The consciousness that such was the case, made her extremely chary of listening to proposals for her re-entrance into the married state. Such proposals poured in upon her in great abundance, for she was beautiful, young, and rich. "They only lose their time," said the widow to her confidential law-agent, a person who enjoyed more of her friendship than she bestowed on any other acquaintance; "they but lose their time. Experience has taught me that greater happiness lies in the single than in the married life, and I will not be foolish enough to give up my liberty again." "But you judge hastily," said the notary; "your late husband was one unfitted to be your companion in life, from difference of years and habits. Another?"—"No, no!" answered the lady, "no other, if you please. I am perfectly happy at present, and happy I will remain as long as I can."

But who can foresee what the future has in store! One morning, the same friend of Madame de Sareuil, her notary and agent, called upon her, and requested an interview. On being introduced to her presence, he found the lady somewhat more pensive than he had been accustomed to see her; and the tidings which he brought to her were not of a kind calculated to dissipate the unwanted weight upon her spirits. "I am

to inform you, madam," said the notary, "that you are menaced with a process at law." "I menaced with a process!" cried the young widow; "and, pray, upon what score?" "Your succession to your husband's property is to be contested," answered the notary. "Ridiculous!" said Madame de Sareuil; "have we not a will in my favour?" "You have," was the notary's reply, "but wills may be attacked." "Is that of M. de Sareuil not in regular form, then?" asked the lady. "The intention of the deceased might be good," answered the man of law, "but it is certainly imperfectly expressed. Ah, if your husband had consulted me! Unfortunately, he chose to make a holograph deed, and I think it my duty to warn you that I am by no means assured of its stability." "If aware of this before, why did not you warn me earlier?" said the widow. "Because I was averse from giving you unnecessary disquiet, and did not imagine that your rights would ever be called in question." "Who is the party disposed to doubt them at present, then? I thought my late husband had no relatives excepting some very distant ones." "You are so far in error," answered the notary; "M. de Sareuil had a cousin—a first cousin—a young man now living." "Strange that he should never have mentioned this relative to me!" said the widow. After a few moments of thoughtfulness, she continued—"And this cousin absolutely wishes to dispute the succession with me?" "Positively he does," said the notary; "the affair is already in the hands of an advocate, and steps must be taken immediately for defending your rights."

Evil news spread quickly. Madame de Sareuil was young, and a woman; and it must be confessed that her pride was hurt by the immediate impression made on the circle of her admirers by the tidings of her doubtful position. She had imagined that the homage of those around her was only a matter of amusement to her, and she felt annoyed at her own weakness in allowing the coolness of her interested suitors to produce any effect upon her mind. "Ah, madam," said the notary to her, at one of their interviews for consultation, "I always advised you to marry while the opportunity was in your power." "What, sir?" said the lady, with a degree of noble pride beaming from her eye; "do you imagine that I regret not forming a union with any of these men, who now show me so plainly what their true sentiments were? Or do you think I can have any feeling but one of rejoicing that no one has been deceived in me—that no one has been bound to me, while believing me rich, though really poor?" "But, madam," said the notary, "if you lose the process, you will not have a penny in the world." This was indeed a grievous reflection, let the widow strive to face it as she might. She had been trained to ease and affluence, and knew well that a change of life would be heavy for her to bear. "My handsome house," said she, "my equipage, my balls, my concerts—must I give them all up, and work for my bread with my hands? And my box at the opera?" "Ay," said the notary, casting a significant look at his client; "to give up the box at the opera—that will indeed be a trial!" Madame de Sareuil blushed as she answered, "What do you mean, sir?" "Oh! nothing—nothing!" said the notary. Whether he spoke the truth or not in saying this, did not appear at the moment. After a pause he continued—"But my dear madam, we must not give up all hope. To tell the candid truth, I fear that your cause, legally considered, is hopeless; but there is one chance of releasing you, in part, from this unfortunate position. It is possible that the other party may enter into a compromise. He may be doubtful of the issue as well as we are. With your permission, I will write to his agent, and propose such an arrangement. It is the only way to secure to you any part of that fortune, to which you certainly have a claim in equity, if not in law." The lady agreed to the proposal of her friendly counsellor.

On the ensuing morning, the notary again presented himself to his client, and produced the answer to his proposal, sent on the part of the adverse claimant. The widow, with natural impatience, desired the notary to read the letter. The following were its terms:—"I am certain," said the claimant, "of gaining this process. Of this no lawyer can have a doubt, on glancing at the will of my late cousin, M. de Sareuil. Nevertheless, it is my desire to act generously. I have never seen Madame de Sareuil, my cousin—if she will allow me to call her so—but I have heard of her beauty and merits, and have resolved upon offering my hand to her, with the re-possession of that fortune which the law might wrest from her. If my proposal is not agreed to, the consequence is clear. The process or marriage; peace or war; such is my ultimatum."

"Insolence!" cried the widow. "I grant you," said the notary, "that the epistle is a little in the cavalier order; but you should remember that your cousin may be more to be pitied than blamed. Doubtless he has had a provincial education, and requires polishing." "And you would have me marry this rude, unmannerly rustic?" exclaimed the widow. "Ah, if he had been such a person as one could love! Amiable, intelligent!"—"And handsome as the young gentleman whom you saw at the opera among some friends, and who appeared so much captivated by you?" The widow blushed deeply. "What?" said she, "you were at the opera, then?" "You saw him! But what could you notice there? Only a few words passed between us; I do not even know his name." "But he talked well?" said the

notary inquiringly. "I will confess to a friend so old as you are," said the lady, still blushing, "that I never met a man so intelligent, so every way pleasing, as that stranger at the opera." "Well, madam, but to our answer," said the notary, after a few moments of musing; "what shall the answer be to this epistle?" "I will take my chance," answered Madame de Sareuil, "and try the law. Lose or win, I can never bend to such a proposition as is contained in that letter." "But the risk, madam," said the notary, "the danger—the certainty of poverty?" "It matters not," said the lady; "write my answer immediately." "It is unnecessary," replied the notary. "When that letter was left with me, the bearer arranged to call here for an answer; and, madam, who was the bearer, think you? No other than the gentleman whom you saw at the opera, and who proves to be the intimate friend of your cousin. It was I who asked him to call here, indeed. Pray, pardon the liberty."

Before Madame de Sareuil could answer, the servant opened the door, and announced a visitor. It was the young stranger. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, but, after a respectful bow to the lady, he turned to the notary, and asked, "if he had communicated the proposal to the lady?" "I have," answered the notary; "and war, not peace, is her choice." The young man appeared chagrined. But the words of the notary were confirmed by Madame de Sareuil. "Yes, sir," said she, "such terms can meet but one reply—a refusal." "But, madam," cried the young man, "concessions may be made; had I thought the terms so painful, I would not have proposed them." "Are you a minister plenipotentiary, then, in this affair?" said Madame de Sareuil. The young stranger looked confused. "Certainly," answered he; "it would be strange, indeed, if I were not." It was evident that some confusion, some misapprehension, existed among the parties, though the smiling eye of the notary seemed to indicate that he was not among those so situated. "If you have full powers from your principal," said Madame de Sareuil, half in jest and half in earnest, "sign this paper, which I shall fill up at leisure." The stranger hurriedly signed as directed. Madame de Sareuil glanced at the paper, and exclaimed, "What do I see!—*Leon de Sareuil!* Is that your name, sir?" "Are you?"—"Cousin to your late husband," said the young stranger. "And the letter which you wrote to me?" said the lady. "I wrote no letter," answered the other; "to your agent I hinted at a mode of compromise which would make me the happiest man on earth; but I wrote no letter!" The notary now put in his word. "Pardon me, madam," said he, "for this little trick. I believed that, through accident, I had discovered your feelings towards this gentleman, your adversary at law; and I brought about this meeting in consequence."

All parties were silent for a moment. "And now, madam," said the notary at last, "is it to be peace or war?" Madame de Sareuil again blushed, as she answered, in low tones, "Peace, peace. I accept the terms offered."

A happy marriage was the consequence.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF SAILORS.

In the city of Boston, Massachusetts, there is a Seaman's Aid Society, which seems to be of much use in succouring destitute seamen, and furnishing employment and yielding protection to the wives and children of that class of men when in unfortunate circumstances. In the report of this society for 1839, a copy of which has chance to fall into our hands, the following remarkable statement is made:—

"About two months ago, there came into the port of Boston three vessels belonging to our navy, the Concord, Constellation, and United States. These ships, which had been three years at sea, here paid off their crews, amounting to about a thousand seamen. Each man received three hundred dollars, making an aggregate sum of three hundred thousand dollars [about £66,000.] And it is affirmed by those who are competent to judge, that, in less than three weeks, scarcely one among that number of sailors, excepting the few who returned to their families, or took shelter in the temperance houses, had money to purchase a meal. The honest earnings of three years, while enduring the hardships of their ocean life, the storms and dangers of every climate and sea, were wrested from them by the harpies of the land."

We used to hear much about thirty years ago of the reckless doings of "Jack" when he got ashore at Portsmouth. Many are the jocular anecdotes in old jest-books, of his ordering whole plays for himself, taking an entire mail to London, treating every body he met at the inns upon the way, and so forth; and all these anecdotes, somehow, seemed then quite proper, for, when no one dreamed of there being any harm in war or a war expenditure, who would have thought of lamenting that a set of poor thoughtless men, perhaps torn originally from the bosoms of their families, were toiling like slaves, and exposing their lives, only for the sake of an occasional frolic? But, heard amidst the calm of peace, how striking does it appear that human beings should first submit for three years to a kind of slavery, and, in the second, spend the whole gains or savings of that time in a week or two of wretched debauchery! Sailors, however, are simple men, living in general apart from the world,

and therefore liable to be easily misled. While they continue in their present condition, or while public-houses are open to receive and plunder them on their landing, they must be exposed to the sad evils here pointed out. It is surely much to be wished that increased efforts should be made to awaken a little reflection and caution in the minds of this useful class of men, so as to enable them to act, when on shore, like the ordinary people of this world. The class of establishments called Sailors' Homes are meanwhile calculated to be of much service, and ought by all means to be encouraged, affording, as they do, accommodation to mariners free from all debasing temptations. We were lately glad to learn that one upon a large scale had been established in the neighbourhood of Wapping. We also beg to suggest the establishment of a Saving's Bank, in connexion with the national institution, on board each of her majesty's vessels, and that the men should be paid their wages monthly, quarterly, or at other short intervals. Such are the evident advantages of these banks in war vessels, that perhaps something of the kind is already in operation. Each of the Seamen's Home establishments, we hope, incorporate a Saving's Bank among their arrangements.

TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

The attention lately drawn to the subject of emigration has led a considerable number of persons to write to us, craving some special information for their guidance on that topic. The inquiries are so numerous and so various, embracing questions both as to the investment of capital and the transference of labour, that it is entirely beyond our power to answer them. The utmost we can do is to point to a source of information accessible to all, and suited, we believe, for every class of proposing emigrants—we mean the series of four sheets lately published by us in the "Information for the People," and which any one interested in the subject can procure at the merest trifle of expense. At the conclusion of these sheets, which, it will be observed, have been in a great measure drawn up as a "Poor Man's Guide," we have summed up the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the different leading fields of emigration as follows, and any thing more explicit it is out of our power to offer:—

"Canada possesses a most fertile soil, but it has very indifferent roads, is slow in improving, and labours under the drawback of a long and extremely cold winter. It seems best adapted for small capitalists who wish to pursue agricultural pursuits, or field labourers and artisans of a common kind. It has also the great advantage of being speedily and cheaply reached; yet, to a person with money to spare, such an advantage should go for nothing. In taking the step of emigration, it is of importance that it should be done well, and once for all."

The United States offer a more agreeable scene for agricultural labour, because, while the soil is equally fertile with that of Canada, the winters are shorter. Some of the fine prairie-lands of the western states possess attractions which cannot be surpassed. As it is easy to reach these districts from Canada, many spirited emigrants will push on thither if they find such a step advisable. The United States possess a prodigious superiority over Canada in one particular—the sale of lands. In Canada, the abominable plan of selling lands by auction to the highest bidder, at periodic intervals, still continues, and, by disheartening emigrants and wearing out their means, sends shoals onwards to the States, where the land pitched upon has its exact price, and a purchase can be at once effected. If emigrants to Canada, therefore, cannot buy half-cleared lots on the instant, which perhaps they will find no difficulty in doing, we recommend them to proceed immediately into Michigan, Illinois, or some other western state of the Union. They will find so many persons on the road, that the exact route need not here be defined. Were the British government to institute a plan of colonising Canada, on a great scale, with an humble order of settlers, and at the same time permit the free importation of corn from that part of the empire, we might expect to find the country in a state of rapid progression in a very short period of time; but neither of these arrangements is at present likely to be carried into effect. It is proper to mention, that although the United States possess that degree of civil and religious liberty which leaves nothing to be wished for on that score, the country labours under an universal derangement in money matters, and we fear that the settler must lay his account with a clumsy and unprofitable system of barter in relation to most products of his industry.

Australia is much better adapted for the emigration of capitalists than any part of America—at least it seems to be so at present. In Upper Canada, provided a course of industry and sobriety be pursued, the emigrant will unquestionably attain a state of competency and tranquillity, and will see his family rising around him with the prospects of respectable settlement. Unless, however, a material change takes place in Canadian affairs—unless spirit be imparted to a comparatively inert organisation—the settler must lay his account with remaining in the condition of a small farmer; consequently, there is little temptation for capitalists to encounter the early and annoying difficulties of that yet rude country. In Australia, the emigrant will also experience personal discomfort

and deterioration of habits. But a time comes when he can sit down with a degree of ease, calmly reposing on the advantages he has earned—he can reasonably look forward to indulgence in refinements such as wealth purchases in Britain; and with this pleasing hope, any species of immediate toil is of trifling consideration. Besides, to the person who loves a fine climate, where on earth could a more delightful country be found than Australia? Cold seldom or never sinks to that pitch which produces snow, and the heat, also, is by no means extreme. As respects climate and natural products, we should consider some parts of New South Wales equal to Asia Minor and adjacent countries; and that British subjects are at liberty to proceed to such an agreeable field of industry, and there possess all the privileges which our laws and constitution bestow, may be held to be a boon of which we cannot be too thankful. There is one material drawback to Australia—the want of regular and frequent rains. This leads occasionally to extreme droughts, which parch the ground, and in many parts render the business of the agriculturist very precarious. On that account Australia is better fitted for pasturage than agriculture. Van Diemen's Land, and also New Zealand, on the other hand, seem to be more agricultural than pastoral. Grain and flax, two grand staples in human affairs, will most likely become the permanent products of these fertile islands. In point of national economy, it is of no consequence what a country produces, provided it produce something which can be sold in the general market of the world. Let the mainland of Australia, therefore, attain prosperity by its wool, and perhaps its wines and fine fruits, and let Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand grow in wealth from their grain, flax, timber, and perhaps their whale fisheries. In both New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, the sales of land are by auction, as in Canada—an evil of serious consequence, from which the Port Phillip district and South Australia are fortunately exempt.

It is gratifying to reflect, that every year settlement in any of the colonies is becoming less precarious, and promises a higher measure of success. Those who have gone before, instead of absorbing all that is good, are only preparers of the way for others. There is not the least chance of any one going too late, go when he will. There is ample room for all. The more who go, indeed, the greater is the likelihood of general prosperity. The fundamental evil, a lack of labourers, is daily lessening by the free and purchased passages of the young and industrious classes, and in proportion as this stream of emigration is sustained, so may we expect the various fields of emigration to be more suitable for the resort of capital and intelligent enterprise."

"JEST AND EARNEST."

"JEST AND EARNEST" is the name of a clever set of papers, published lately in a single commodiously-sized volume, and which, being anonymous, probably forms the first adventure of the author in the world of letters. A quiet spirit of satire pervades the greater part of the articles, giving token of no small ability to probe the foibles of modern society. One paper, which we shall offer as a specimen of the whole, contains some remarkably good "hits," it assumes to be written in the year 2116, and is a retrospective glance at the manners of the nineteenth century:—

"The nineteenth century is a period of peculiar interest in the history of our country. The universal diffusion of information which then took place, had the effect of greatly changing the opinions and manners of the people. In the state of intellectual advancement which we have now reached, it seems incomprehensible that some of these opinions, and manners, and customs, could have prevailed in a country having the least pretension to call itself civilised—but such was the fact; nor did they retire very speedily before the tide of improvement.

The great characteristic of the nineteenth century was the fierce discussion which prevailed on almost every subject. Nearly all opinions and practices had their attackers and defenders, who in the course of the dispute employed the most malignant personal abuse and ridicule of their opponents as a powerful means of upholding the cause of truth. Nicknames were used instead of arguments, and, where reason was appealed to once, passion was appealed to twenty times.

The two conflicting creeds in politics and religion created such a bitter feeling, that society was transformed into a sort of perpetual battle, and all charity between opponents was at an end.

The literature, as might be supposed, was chiefly an exponent of this state of things. At the commencement of the period in question, poetry was made pre-eminent by the great masters who then appeared. The Waverley novels succeeding, gave rise to an innumerable progeny, until at last prose was eclipsed by another splendid burst of poetry about the middle of the century, which continued for a long time. The intellectual vigour displayed in the literature of the nineteenth century is wonderful; and, now that time has done for us his welcome office of picking and choosing, the works of its authors claim the admiration of the student.

Painting was in a flourishing condition, and there were numerous galleries for the exhibition of pictures; but it was not until late in the century that they were

all freely opened to the people. Music had to encounter many difficulties and discouragements, but, by the talent of the professors who successively arose, it struggled through them all, and, being first taken up and admired on the Continent, was at last taken up and admired at home.

It was in the nineteenth century that railroads were first constructed. Although we have now got far in advance of railroads, yet were they a great improvement on the old method of travelling. The first opened in the metropolis was to Greenwich, which was then at the distance of four or five miles, and was a place of great resort for the citizens in the summer evenings. In the infancy of this invention, the carriages, which were attached in a train to the engine, were so small that they were only capable of holding some half-dozen persons, who were compelled to sit down in two rows opposite to each other the whole journey.

The general mode of travelling before the invention of railroads was by the *stage-coach*. This was a small wooden box mounted on wheels, and having a long pole projecting in front, to which four horses were fastened. A person called the 'coachman' then climbed up to a high seat called the 'coach-box,' and taking in his left hand some thongs of leather attached to a piece of steel called the 'bit,' which was placed in the mouth of each horse, he flogged the poor animals with a large whip, and they were compelled to run forward, dragging the lumbering machine after them! The speed which the 'stage-coaches' attained was very moderate, as is evidenced by various authorities. In the British Museum a singular placard is preserved, on which is printed in immense red letters, followed by five notes of admiration, 'Brighton in Five Hours!'—whereby we may reasonably conclude that this feat was considered somewhat extraordinary.

It was in the year 1838 that the first steam-vessel crossed the Atlantic, and arrived at New York in sixteen days after leaving Bristol—a voyage which was universally looked upon as wonderful. Before this, the only way of crossing the little bit of water, which we now scarcely consider as dividing the two countries, was by the old sailing-packet, propelled entirely by the wind acting upon pieces of canvass which were hoisted up by ropes. Our readers may get a very tolerable idea of this vessel by inspecting the Ancient English Battle-ship, in the large room at the British Museum.

It was not until about the middle of the century that capital punishments were, in all cases, abolished. The brutal mob which attended each execution generally used to assemble on the preceding night, so eager was the competition for good places; and it was not uncommon for persons of respectability actually to pay large sums for a window to enjoy a comfortable view of the sight! The absorbing ambition of the criminal was to 'die game,' as the slang phrase of the time went. If he did so, and had evinced peculiar boldness in his previous career, he became a hero with the people, and, very often, an object of imitation.

One of the most irrational customs of the age was the exercise called 'hunting'; and as the entire affair really, with our present ideas, seems most extraordinary, we will proceed to give a detailed account of it.

A number of dogs were assembled in a field, and each person was mounted on a horse called a 'hunter,' of which animal our reader may see some excellently-preserved specimens in the collection of the Zoological Society. The first operation was to 'beat cover,' as it was called, in order to discover a fox, which was then common in England. Having succeeded in starting one, and allowed it to run for some little distance, the whole of this enlightened assemblage rushed on in pursuit. The dogs ran after the fox, and the men rode after the dogs, shouting and uttering wild cries. 'Yo hoicks!' and 'Tally-ho!' were some of the exclamations peculiar to this ancient pastime; but we have in vain endeavoured to discover their meaning or application.

In a short time, as the game went on, many of the riders were thrown from their horses, and broke an arm, a leg, or a few ribs. Others hung upon gates, battered with contusions which they had received in attempting to 'clear it,' as their term was; whilst others, regardless of the fate of their companions, were still urging forward their horses by goading them with 'spurs,' which were pieces of sharp steel fixed to the boot. At length, the poor wearied object of pursuit was quite spent, and the dogs rushing in, soon put an end to its misery. Meanwhile, the man who had contrived to outstrip the rest, and arrive first at the spot, leaped from his horse, and, uttering a hideous cry, cut off the tail of the fox, and held it up in triumph to his companions. This was called being 'in at the death,' and the tail of the fox (which in sporting language was styled the 'brush,') was kept by this person, and displayed with as much ostentation as if he had really performed some great action.

Very similar in irrationality were the other 'sports.' *Racing* was the senseless riding of horse against horse, in order to see which would arrive first at a certain point—an object of vast importance!—but which served excellently well as a means for the initiated to plunder the uninitiated. *Shooting* was a sort of butcherly amusement, which its admirers considered much more gentlemanly and elegant than common butchery—chiefly because they knocked down pheasants instead of oxen, and did it with a fowling-piece instead of a pole-axe.

These, and other equally barbarous pastimes, which went under the general denomination of 'Sporting,' were actually in the nineteenth century pursued by gentlemen of rank and education, and not, as we should now imagine, confined to the vulgar. Indeed, most of them were considered the peculiar privilege of wealth and aristocracy, and the poor were allowed only to look on and *envy*!

The use of wine and spirits prevailed to a dreadful extent. It was common for men to be seen in the streets so intoxicated that they were quite incapable of walking. In this state they were secured by the police, and the next morning were fined 'five shillings for being drunk!' Scarcely a newspaper of the period is found without a case of this kind in the police reports. However, as education advanced, such things became less common, and at last ceased altogether.

There was one custom of this age which was decidedly the most savage and foolish of all. It seems now astonishing that the force of philosophy and ridicule did not extinguish it sooner; but at length fashion did what these could not thoroughly accomplish. It fell so completely into the hands of bullies, professed rousés, and the canaille, that no gentleman would engage in it; and it was not, then, long before the law put an end to it. Our readers will by this time have understood that we allude to the practice of 'duelling'; and we will conclude this slight sketch with some account of this ancient mode of 'honourable quarrelling' in the nineteenth century.

It appears that upon the slightest injury or insult, it was thought incumbent upon the person so injured or insulted to 'call out' his adversary. To apply to the law in lieu of sending a challenge, or to take no notice of the matter, was accounted equally mean-spirited and disgraceful. The challenge being accepted, and all preliminaries arranged, the parties met in a proper place, and, almost invariably, with pistols. These they discharged at each other (often intentionally shooting wide of the mark) until the aggrieved individual declared himself 'satisfied.' It was then understood that they had acted in a perfectly honourable manner, and they were at liberty to shake hands and be good friends. If (as sometimes happened) one of these gentlemen of honour chanced to get a bullet through his head, or a limb broken, the other gentleman of honour usually betook himself to the Continent until the affair was blown over, or his antagonist declared out of danger. All comment on such a custom as 'duelling' must be superfluous.

How thankful ought we to be that we live at a time when such manners as those we have been describing no longer exist! Yet let us not exult too much; for perhaps a future age may think little better of ours than we now think of the nineteenth century."

A TRAIT OF TRANSYLVANIAN SOCIETY.

IN the midst of the steep and rugged rocks of the Krapack mountains, whose summits are accessible only to the eagle, the chamois, and the native mountaineer, has been established from time immemorial a tribe of Transylvanians, called Opyrchi, a name which indicates their character in a distinct and not very flattering manner. It is a term signifying "rude companions, evil men;" and such is the real character of the Opyrchi. They are a race extremely like the Turkomans of Asia and the Circassians of Europe, being little else than professional robbers or brigands, and living at the expense of unfortunate travellers, and the more peaceable inhabitants of the adjoining districts. The Opyrchi, like most other predatory tribes, wear dresses of a very picturesque kind. They have upper shirts or chemises of dazzling colours, red, blue, and green; their hats are adorned with flaunting ribands; and their pantaloons, also, are of richly-dyed stuffs. Their arms are of various kinds, consisting of small axes, of iron-headed batons, of cutlasses, muskets, and, above all, pistols, of which, according to their wealth and courage, they carry at their girdles two, three, and even four pairs, more or less richly mounted.

The organisation of these robber bands is thoroughly military. They blindly obey their chief, and all insubordination is punished with death. The chief shares all booty amongst his followers, and judges of all differences between them. Hungary, Galicia, and Transylvania, are more particularly the scene of their excursions, and rarely do they spare the travellers who cross their path. Viewed in their private and social relations, the Opyrchi, like some other mountain bandits, exhibit a considerable share of the human virtues. They are of gay temperament, practise a liberal hospitality, and are even very devout in their way. Yet, in the exercise of their professional ravages, they hesitate at the commission of no crime, and can be refinedly cruel in their vengeance.

Latterly, the Opyrchi had for their chief Alexie Djuk, a man whose energetic activity and boundless courage made him the terror of the neighbouring populations. During many years, the authorities of

Hungary, Galicia, and Transylvania, had made many vain efforts to destroy the band of Alexis Djuk, which numbered betwixt four and five hundred men. Imposing forces had been sent against the brigands, but the dexterity of their chief, aided by the inaccessible character of the country, saved the Oprychki from all the efforts of their pursuers for many long years. Ultimately, however, the Austrian authorities, in the beginning of 1844, succeeded in the capture of thirty-six of the Oprychki. The trial of these men, before the tribunal of Peter-Varadin, is thus described by the Hungarian journals. It took place on the 27th of February last.

Nothing can be imagined more picturesque than the hall of justice, its walls being covered with the portraits of the ancient kings of Hungary and Transylvania. Around an immense table, covered with black cloth, were seated twelve judges and a president, all of them wearing scarlet mantles and black bonnets. Behind the president were seated the prosecutor-general, two assistants, and six advocates, all in black robes. Two officers of justice and several cries of the court occupied another table. At the bar, or place for the accused, were seated the thirty-six Oprychki, guarded by a detachment of halberdiers, and three battalions of infantry were planted around the court-house. Another row of seats was set aside for the witnesses, of whom sixty-five were present; and in front of them was a priest, ready to give the oath to all who bore evidence on the occasion. A large auditory was present, composed entirely of gentlemen and ladies, the entry of the populace being forbidden, lest the Oprychki should have mingled with them and created a tumult, for the rescue of the prisoners.

The sitting of the court began. The first witness called was rather a peculiar personage, being an old soldier, recently holding the office of steward to Seigneur Kyaby, proprietor of the village of Hamka. Djebaka, as the steward was called, was a poet, and seems to have given his evidence in a very interesting style. He stated, on his examination, that he was at the mansion of his master, Seigneur Kyaby, in the country, when the following circumstances took place:—On the night of the 4th October, all the household of Seigneur Kyaby were out of bed, the lady of the mansion being then about to add a member to the family. "I had lain down, however," said Djebaka, "when I was aroused by a message, announcing that my master wished to see me instantly. I hastened to obey the summons, and in passing through the court of the chateau, I saw with surprise the carriage of my master, and eight other vehicles, drawn up, and ready to start. Having been introduced into the chambers of my noble lady, I heard her say at the moment to her husband, with tears in her eyes, 'André, you must then depart.' 'It is necessary,' replied my master, 'for the safety of us all. If the robbers find me here, God only knows what evils would happen! If I am absent, they will do you no injury, unless they are received with hostility; and I have given orders to the contrary.' Then turning to me, Seigneur Kyaby added, 'Djuk and his people will soon be here; receive them kindly, and refuse them nothing.' This was all that passed. Seigneur Kyaby then went to his carriages, and took the way to Korol-Bator, followed by a party of his people.

About an hour afterwards, we heard a stifled noise. 'They come! they come!' was the cry; and in reality, soon afterwards, about sixty Oprychki entered the court of honour. I went out, and approaching Alexis Djuk, their chief, I saluted him respectfully, touching his knee with my right hand, according to custom in approaching personages of distinction. He appeared pleased with this mark of deference, and, ordering his people to remain in the court, he entered the chateau alone, holding a pistol in one hand, and saying to me, 'Evil upon you, if you have here a single Austrian soldier.' He then visited the lower storey of the house, and seeing a large table in the hall, covered with meat and bottles, he called to his companions to enter. They did so, and speedily the whole of them were seated at table, gaily discussing the good things before them. After the repast, Djuk, taking from his bonnet, which was encircled with ducats, a few of these coins, gave them to the servant who had waited on him at table.

Meanwhile, my lady had given another son to the family of Kyaby. Djuk heard the cries of the child, and commanded us to lead him to the chamber of the mother. When there, he took the child tenderly in his arms, and said, 'Madam, be assured that you have nothing to fear from myself or my people. Permit me only to make one request. It is, that you would honour me by naming this child Alexis, after myself.' The lady made the promise required; and Djuk retired with his whole party, without having done the slightest mischief. The lady kept her promise as to the child's name."

This deposition was confirmed by the dame Kyaby. The Seigneur Kyaby was then called upon, and stated that he had, on the morning of these events, received information from a friend, that Alexis Djuk and his band were about to pay him a visit. Seigneur Kyaby then gave an account of his departure. The president of the court addressed some slight words of reproach to Kyaby for his pusillanimity in leaving his family unprotected. But the prisoners in court were refuted the president in an unexpected manner, calling out in savage tones, "He did best to go; if he had remained, he would not have now been a living man!" The

stern cries of the Oprychki made a strong impression on Seigneur Kyaby. Though an old and brave soldier of the Austrian army, tried in many battles, he grew deadly pale, and left the court in a condition of great agitation.

The next witness against the Oprychki was Father Philarete, the venerable priest of St Nicholas, a church on the grounds of Seigneur Ravitchak. "On the 15th of July last," said the priest, "a man accosted me, and said, 'Alexis Djuk orders you to prepare supper for himself and thirty of his companions.' I prepared supper, but at the same time I took care to warn Seigneur Ravitchak of the circumstance, and he, with fifty hussars, placed himself in waiting for the brigands, near the church of St Nicholas. The trick of the brigands was soon discovered. While Seigneur Ravitchak lay in ambush, he beheld on a sudden flames in the distance. His own chateau had been set on fire by the robbers! He rushed with his men to preserve it, and, in a few minutes, Alexis Djuk and his band presented themselves before me. They asked for their supper; it was ready, and they partook of it with the greatest enjoyment and deliberation. Afterwards they plundered my house of every valuable it contained."

The next witness told nothing of importance, but, after him, Seigneur Ravitchak, the lord of the manor on which stood the church of St Nicholas, was called before the tribunal. He was an old major of the Hungarian hussars, and his evidence was abrupt, and characteristic of the blunt soldier. "Yes," said he, "I saw the flames rising from my own house, while I lay in ambush at the church; and I said to myself, 'What! I that have faced the best troops of Napoleon, shall I shrink before a few brigands! Not I, surely.' So I set off directly to my chateau, but I was too late to stop the spread of the fire. I saw my wife and children safe, however, and I cared nothing for the loss of the house. But, by my father's bones, I was determined to revenge myself upon the rascally Oprychki, and I found means to do it—at least in part. I had learned that Djuk was acquainted with the wife of a singer in the chapel, and that he occasionally visited at the house. I accordingly made up my mind to have the bandit waylaid on his way thither, and to meet any force that he might bring."

The issue may be told more briefly than in the words of the witnesses on this remarkable trial. While the Seigneur Ravitchak and a number of his men lay in ambush till the proper time came for making the seizure, at sunset, a band of brigands, headed by the chief, was seen approaching the house. "Hollo! lads," cried Djuk, in hearing of the witnesses, "charge your muskets with two balls each, and watch over me." The brigand chief then drew nigh to the window. "Hollo! Marthas!" cried he, "is the supper ready?" No answer being returned, he cried impatiently, "What! are you asleep! Do you know it is Djuk who is calling?" The woman replied in a trembling voice, "I sleep not, but I cannot receive a robber into my house." The angry brigand struck the door with such force that it burst open; but the reception which followed was unexpected by him—a shot from a concealed foe struck him through the heart. The bandit chief staggered backwards, and was caught, before he fell, in the arms of his companions. At this moment, Ravitchak and his comrades burst from their concealment, and attacked the brigands. The latter made a fierce resistance, and, before they were captured, twelve of their own number fell, while their assailants lost eight men. The prisoners amounted to thirty-six in number. Their chief, Alexis Djuk, who died at the moment, was buried immediately afterwards in the forest, and in a manner suitable to his infamous character.

The trial of the thirty-six Oprychki, after the hearing of many witnesses, all of whom deposed to facts against the prisoners similar to the preceding, was at length brought to a close. The president of the court then demanded of the prisoners the names of all their accomplices. "Our companions," was the reply, "are in safety, where the eagle and the mountaineer alone can penetrate." "You are guilty men," said the president, "but, by open and frank confession, you may perhaps merit clemency from your judges." "No!" cried the prisoners, almost with one voice; "the Oprychki have necks for the halter, but the power to be silent!"

All other questions addressed to the prisoners were met with similar responses. Finally, the thirty-six Oprychki were removed from the court-hall, and the judges set down to deliberate. When the prisoners, after the lapse of several hours, were brought back again, their sentence was read to them. Four of the ringleaders of the band, lieutenants of Alexis Djuk, were condemned to be hanged. The thirty-two others were sentenced to hard labour for life in confinement.

When the award was pronounced, a scene took place which startled every auditor. So far from exhibiting the slightest regret for their fate, the band of Oprychki, as if by concert, burst into a song of triumph. It was one of their wild mountain strains, and the notes of it resounded long after the court was closed, and while the singers were being led to the cells in which they were to undergo their melancholy doom.

How strange it seems that these things should have occurred in a European country within the last few

months! The state of society pictured in our narrative is that which has not existed in England since the days of King John, in the twelfth century.

FAMILIAR PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

IN our last Journal, a few of the stray lines of poetry, which wander orphan-like about the world of literature, were pointed out and traced to their origin. We wish at present to do the same charitable turn to a number of proverbial phrases, which, though not very often adopted into literary compositions, are daily upon the tongues of mankind, bearing a perfectly distinct meaning, while their parentage is altogether unknown. It is of little practical consequence, to be sure, in what manner they may have originated, so long as they are understood by every one, and can be used effectively in ordinary discourse; nevertheless, the discovery of their source and primitive application is a curious point in philology, and one likely to interest many inquisitive minds. With the aid of one or two works upon Etymology (Brady's *Varieties of Literature*, and Puley's *Etymology*, in particular) we shall at present go over a number of the most familiar proverbial phrases in use, which seem to us worthy of explanation.

"By Hook or by Crook."—The proverb of getting any thing 'by hook or by crook,' is said to have arisen in the time of Charles I., when there were two learned judges named Hooke and Crooke; and a difficult cause was to be gotten either by Hooke or by Crooke. Spenser, however, mentions these words twice in his *Fairy Queen*:

'The which her sire had scrapt by hooke and crooke.'

B. v., c. 2. a. 27.

'In hopes her to attain by hooke or by crooke.'

III. 1. 17.

Here is a proof that this proverb is much older than that time, and that the phrase was not then used as a proverb, but applied as a pun. It occurs in Skelton.

"As Dead as a Herring."—The herring is a delicate fish, which is killed by a very small degree of violence. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence arises the proverb 'As dead as a herring.'

"Dead as Mutton."—A common expression among the lower order of people, to denote the certainty of decease. It took its rise, most probably, from the circumstance of mutton being only so called after the death of the animal, before called a sheep, has taken place.

N.B.—Although beef, veal, pork, &c. &c., likewise similarly acquire such denominations by the death only of the oxen, &c. &c., yet that does not lessen the probability of the presumed derivation of the expression above mentioned.

"Sleeps like a top."—This we say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotatory motion is at the height. But no such thing; the word *top* is Italian. *Topo*, in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field-mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, 'Ei dorme come un topo' is derived: Anglice, 'He sleeps like a top.' [We should think the ordinary derivation the right one here.]

"Wise Men of Gotham."—Gotham is a village in Nottinghamshire. Its magistrates are said to have attempted to hedge in a cuckoo; and a bush, called the cuckoo's bush, is still shown in support of the tradition. A thousand other ridiculous stories are told of the men of Gotham.

"To run the Gantlope."—A proverbial phrase, commonly expressed to run the gantlope, and signifying, primarily, a certain military punishment, and, figuratively, the passing through difficulties. According to the erroneous pronunciation, the hearer is much at a loss to understand the word *gantlope*. The real words are these—'to run the Ghent-race.' *Ghent*, *Gawnt*, or *Gant*, is a well-known town in Flanders; and *loop*, in the Belgic, signifies a race. The gantlope or *Ghent-race*, so called because invented at that place, is this: in the land-service, when a soldier is to be punished in this manner, the regiment is drawn out in two ranks, facing each other, and each soldier having a switch in his hand, lashes the criminal as he runs along, naked from the waist upwards. In the navy, the whole ship's crew is disposed in two rows, standing face to face, on both sides of the deck, so as to form a line, whereby the delinquent may go forward on one side, and return aft on the other; and each seaman being furnished with a small twisted cord, strikes him as he passes.

"Dine with Duke Humphrey."—This proverb originated from the accidental circumstance of a wit in the last century being shut up in the abbey at St Alban's, where the remains of Duke Humphrey (the good Duke Regent) are yet to be seen, while a party of his friends, who came down to that ancient and loyal borough with him, on an excursion from London, were enjoying the hospitalities of the landlord of the White Hart.

Another account.—The Bodleian library was ori-

ginally founded by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. When a student continued in the library during the hours of dinner, at which times it was and is usual to be shut up, he was said to 'dine with Duke Humphrey.'

Another account.—'To dine with Duke Humphrey,' that is, to fast—to go without one's dinner. This Duke Humphrey was uncle to King Henry VI., his protector during his minority, and renowned for hospitality and good housekeeping. Those were said to dine with Duke Humphrey who walked during dinner-time in the body of St Paul's Church, because it was believed the duke was buried there. But, saith Dr Fuller, that saying is as far from truth as they from dinner, even twenty miles off; seeing this duke was buried in the church of St Alban's, to which he was a great benefactor. [The last is most probably the right derivation.]

To run a-muck.—Speaking of gaming. A strong spirit of play characterises a Malayan; after having resigned every thing to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid state of desperation; he then loosens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all whom the raving gambler meets. He intoxicates himself with opium, and working himself up into a fit of frenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But as soon as ever the lock is seen flowing, it is lawful to fire at the person, and to destroy him as fast as possible. I think it is this our sailors call 'to run a-muck.' Thus Dryden writes:

'Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.'

Thus also Pope:

'Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet.'

Johnson could not discover the derivation of the word *muck*. It is not improbable that the origin of this expression was, their employing on these fatal occasions a *muck* or lance.

He looks as the Devil did over Lincoln.—The middle or rood tower of Lincoln cathedral is the highest in the whole kingdom, and when the spire was standing on it, it must, in proportion to the height of the tower, have exceeded that of old St Paul's, which was five hundred and twenty feet. The monks were so proud of this structure, that they would have it that the devil looked upon it with an envious eye; whence the proverb of a man who looks invidious and malignant, 'he looks as the devil over Lincoln.' At present there are only four very ordinary pinnacles, one at each corner.

Another account.—'Some refer this to Lincoln Minster, over which, when first finished, the devil is supposed to have looked with a torve and terrick countenance, as envying men's costly devotion,' saith Dr Fuller; 'but more probable it is, that it took its rise from a small image of the devil, standing on the top of Lincoln College, in Oxford.'

An it please the Pix.—This is, with a small change, the old Roman Catholic ejaculation, 'An it please the pix,' which is the box in which the Host was carried.

Crocodile's Tears.—Crocodile, a harmful beast, living most about the river Nilus in Egypt. It is hatched of an egg, and groweth unto a wonderful greatness, sometimes to twenty or thirty feet long. It is written, that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, 'crocodili lacrymæ,' that is, 'crocodile's tears'; to signify such tears as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm.—*Old Dictionary*, 1663.

Bear the Bell.—To 'bear the bell' is to surpass others, or to be the first in merit—alluding to the wether which wears a bell, and is followed by the flock; or to the first pack-horse of a drove, which has bells on its collar.

On the Nail.—This saying implies immediately, or without delay. 'We want our money on the nail.'—*Swift*. Johnson supposes this phrase to have arisen from a counter studded with nails.

Rowland for an Oliver.—That is, to give an equivalent. Rowland and Oliver were two knights, famous in romance; the wonderful achievements of the one could only be equalled by those of the other.

Piping Hot.—This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in villages, to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently 'hot' and light.

Under the Rose.—That is, privately or secretly. The rose was, it is said, sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and therefore frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms destined for the reception of guests; and implying, that whatever was transacted there should not be made public.

As Blind as a Beetle.—A beetle is thought to be blind, because in the evening it will fly with its full force against a man's face, or any thing else which happens to be in its way; which other insects, as bees, hornets, &c., will not do.

To Boot.—But is the imperative lot of botan 'to boot,' that is, to superadd, to supply, to substitute, to compensate with, to remedy with, to make amends with, to add something more, in order to make up a deficiency in something else.

On the Tapie.—The affair is on the 'tapie,' or 'carpet,' is borrowed from the House of Peers, where the table used to be, and probably still is, covered with a carpet.

Cockney or Cockneigh.—Applied only to one born within the sound of Bow-bell, that is, within the city of London, which term came first, according to Minshew, out of this tale:—'A citizen's son, riding with his father out of London into the country, and being utterly ignorant how corn grew or cattle increased, asked, when he heard a horse neigh, what he did; his father answered, 'The horse doth neigh.' Riding farther, the son heard a cock crow, and said, 'Doth the cock neigh too?' Hence, by way of jeer, he was called 'cockneigh.' Camden takes the etymology of cockney from the river Thamesis, which runs by London, and was of old time called Cockney. Others say, the little brook which runs by Turn-bole or Turn-mill Street, was anciently so called.

Maudlin.—A corruption of Magdalen, who being drawn by painters with swollen eyes and a disordered look, might have given occasion to apply the name to a drunken countenance, on account of its bearing some faint and ludicrous resemblance; drunk; intoxicated with liquor.

Tit for Tat.—Only a various dialect of this for that."

VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF KIRAUEA.

THIS volcano is situated in the southern part of the island of Owhyhee, the largest of the group called the Sandwich Islands. Owhyhee, like many of the islands of the Pacific, is of volcanic origin. Vast streams of lava have since flowed over the greater part of it—some of these have rolled on for thirty and more miles, and then precipitated themselves over the cliffs into the sea—and so late as the year 1800, a single current from one of the large craters filled up an extensive bay, twenty miles in length, and formed the present coast. The recent lava is quite bare, without even a blade of grass, while the more ancient has become decomposed, and is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The scenery of the island is sublime; some of the mountains are from fifteen to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The following account of a visit to the great volcano has been drawn up for Professor Silliman, from the statements of two American captains, who visited it in 1838:—

"Early in the morning, on the 7th of May, Captains Chase and Parker, in company with several others, left the port at Lord Byron's Bay, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated volcano Kirauea. After travelling a few miles through a delightful country, interspersed with hill and valley, and adorned with clusters of trees hung with the richest foliage, they came to a forest several miles in extent, so entangled with shrubs, and interwoven with creeping vines, that its passage was extremely difficult. On issuing from this, the scenery again wore a pleasing aspect, but was soon changed into a dreary waste. Their route was now in the direct course of a large stream of lava, thirty miles in length and four or five in breadth. The lava was of recent formation, with a surface, in some places, so slippery as to endanger falling, and in others so rugged as to render it toilsome and dangerous to pass. Scattered around, were a few shrubs that had taken root in the volcanic sand and scorize, and on each side of the stream grew a stunted forest. Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea were seen in the distance, and on either side stretched the broad expanse of the ocean, mingling with the far horizon. The party had travelled nearly the whole extent of the current of lava before sunset; they were, however, much fatigued, and gladly took possession of a rude hut erected by the islanders, where they slept soundly through the night. Early the next morning, ere the sun rose, they resumed their journey, and soon a beautiful landscape broke upon their view; but its delightful scenery detained them only a few moments, for the smoke of the volcano was seen rising gracefully in the distance. Quickening their march, they arrived soon after nine o'clock at a smoking lake of sulphur and scorize, from which they collected some delicate specimens of crystallised sulphur, and proceeded on. The next object which attracted their attention, was a great fissure five or six hundred feet from the crater. It was about thirty feet wide, five or six hundred feet long, and from all parts of it constantly issued immense bodies of steam, so hot that the guides cooked potatoes over it in a few minutes. The steam on meeting the cold air is condensed, and not far from the fissure on the north, is a beautiful pond formed from it, that furnishes very good water, and is the only place where it occurs for many miles. The pond is surrounded with luxuriant trees, and sporting on its surface were seen large flocks of wild-fowl. It was now ten o'clock, and the whole party, since passing the lake of sulphur, had been walking over a rugged bed of lava, and standing by the side of vast chasms, of fathomless depth. They had now arrived at the great crater of Kirauea, eight miles in circumference, and stood upon the very brink of a precipice, from which they looked down more than a thousand feet into a horrid gulf, where the elements of nature seemed warring against each other. Huge masses of fire were seen rolling and tossing like the billowy ocean. From its volcanic cones, continually burst lava, glowing with the most intense heat. Hissing, rumbling, agonising sounds came from the very depths of the dread abyss, and dense clouds of smoke and steam rolled from the crater.

Such awful thrilling sights and sounds were almost enough to make the stoutest heart recoil with horror, and shrink from the purpose of descending to the great seat of action. But men who had been constantly engaged in the most daring enterprise—whose whole lives

had been spent on the stormy deep—were not easily deterred from the undertaking. Each one of the party, with a staff to test the safety of the footing, now commenced a perilous journey down a deep and rugged precipice, sometimes almost perpendicular, and frequently intersected with frightful chasms. In about forty-five minutes they stood upon the floor of the great volcano. Twenty-six separate volcanic cones were seen, rising from twenty to sixty feet; only eight of them, however, were in operation. Up several of those that were throwing out ashes, cinders, red-hot lava, and steam, they ascended; and so near did they approach to the crater of one, that with their canes they dipped out the liquid fire. Into another they threw large masses of scorize, but they were instantly tossed high into the air. A striking spectacle in the crater at this time, was its lakes of melted lava. There were six; but one, the south-west, occupied more space than all the others. Standing by the side of this, they looked down more than three hundred feet upon its surface, glowing with heat, and saw huge billows of fire dash themselves on its rocky shore—whilst columns of molten lava, sixty or seventy feet high, were hurled into the air, rendering it so hot that they were obliged immediately to retreat. After a few minutes the violent struggle ceased, and the whole surface of the lake was changing to a black mass of scorize; but the pause was only to renew its exertions, for while they were gazing at the change, suddenly the entire crust which had been formed commenced cracking, and the burning lava soon rolled across the lake, leaving the coating on its surface, like cakes of ice upon the ocean-surge. Not far from the centre of the lake there was an island which the lava was never seen to overflow; but it rocked like a ship upon a stormy sea. The whole of these phenomena were witnessed by the party several times, but their repetition was always accompanied with the same effects. They now crossed the black and rugged floor of the crater, which was frequently divided by huge fissures, and came to a ridge of lava, down which they descended about forty feet, and stood upon a very level plain, occupying one-fourth of the great floor of the crater. This position, however, was found very uncomfortable to the feet, for the fire was seen in the numerous cracks that intersected the plain only one inch from the surface. Captain Chase lighted his cigar in one of them, and with their walking-sticks they could in almost any place pierce the crust, and penetrate the liquid fire. Sulphur abounds every where in and around the volcano; but here the whole side of the precipice, rising more than a thousand feet, was one entire mass of sulphur. They ascended several feet, and were detaching some beautiful crystallised specimens, when accidentally a large body of it was thrown down, and that rolled into a broad crack of fire, and obliged them immediately to retreat, for the fumes that rose nearly suffocated them. They had now been in the crater more than five hours, and would gladly have lingered; but the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the cliffs above, and they commenced their journey upward, which occupied them about one hour and a quarter. They repaired to their rude hut, and while the shades of evening were gathering, dispatched their frugal meal. Curiosity, however, would not allow them to sleep without revisiting the great crater. Groping along, they reached the edge of the precipice and again looked down into the dread abyss, now lighted up by the glowing lava. The whole surface of the plain, where they had observed cracks filled with fire, appeared as though huge cables of molten lava had been stretched across it. While examining these splendid exhibitions, the entire plain, more than one-fourth of the whole crater, was suddenly changed into a great lake of fire; its crusts and volcanic cones melted away and mingled with the rolling mass. They now hurried back, astonished at the sight, and shuddering at the recollection that only a few hours had elapsed since they were standing upon the very spot. The next morning they returned to the crater for the last time. Every thing was in the same condition: the new lake still glowed with heat, the volcanic cones hurled high in the air red-hot stones mixed with ashes and cinders, and accompanied with large volumes of steam, hissing and crackling as it escaped, and the great lake in the south-west was still in an agitated state. The situation of the volcano Kirauea is very remarkable, differing from every other of which we have an account. It is not a truncated mountain, rising high above the surrounding country and visible from every quarter, nor is it seen until the traveller, after crossing an elevated plain near the foot of Mouna Roa, suddenly arrives at a precipice from which he looks down into its dread immensity."

—*Athenæum*.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES IN INDIA.

A temperance society was established in the Cameronian regiment in 1837, at Fort William. The surgeon, Mr Bell, reports most favourably of the results. The admissions into the hospital were—of the society, 1 in 25, of the rest of the regiment, 1 in 11. The deaths in the regimental hospital were—in 1837, 26; and in 1838, 23; whereas, for fourteen years previously, it had been 72, nearly, per annum. The consumption of spirits has diminished from 14,000 gallons, which was the amount consumed on the arrival of the regiment in India, to 2316 gallons. Liver complaint has diminished from 111, 140, and 135, as in 1833-35-34, to 63 and 50, in 1838. An accompanying table shows that, by temperance, two-thirds of the sickness has been removed.—*British and Foreign Medical Review*.

POLITENESS.

The middle stations of life in England are the most desirable; they enjoy more solid comforts; they are sufficiently removed from envy on the one hand, and from fear and the forbidding *prestige* of station on the other. Forms and ceremonies with them are less conventional, and are observed with more ease—adopted or thrown aside, just as the occasion may warrant. There is more real good breeding, properly so called, in this grade of life than in any other—that is, where the parties have a fair portion of intellect, and the means of making themselves and their friends comfortable. Good breeding is nothing more than true politeness. The great secret of the attraction of manner, which is so fascinating in persons who are eminent in station, is not *as art*, but rather the absence of all art—a recurrence to the principles of nature in its purest kindness. Though it may rest with princes only to be *gracious*, so as to have their graciousness more impressively felt, when the regal orbit from which they stoop is regarded, the same principle holds good in every other station of life. The first impulse in *manner*, which one man adopts towards another, where there are no disturbing influences, is kind and inartificial. Strip of the control of custom, and all sophisticated distinctions, the ruling tendency in the mind of each would be that of rendering rather than receiving service. He must be a poor observer of life who does not recollect the number of strangers he has met with, of both sexes, whose easy and unconstrained manners gave him a favourable impression of their characters. The slightest offer of service or kindness in a stranger produces an agreeable effect far beyond the value of the kindness itself: it shows the existence of natural virtue at a premium. The actions of children are always graceful, till they are disciplined into the forms of politeness by art. To make ourselves agreeable in company, and easy under all the contrasts of station, we require not to learn any thing, but to *unlearn*; to fall back on those natural capacities which place all men on a level, bating those inequalities which partake of our nature, and which more frequently give the ascendancy to the poor than to the rich, because they are greater in number.—*National Advertiser*.

[It is to be regretted that the spirit of politeness is so often wanting amongst the labouring class—often in large towns than in primitive rural situations. In this, as in every other department of society, a grace would arise, and a happiness be diffused, from a courteous deportment, far beyond what mere wealth could give. The right to speak and act rudely and ungraciously is by too many considered equivalent to sincerity and independence of principle; and it is too often entirely forgotten that civilised society exists by a wide-spread system of mutual concession to feelings. He who will not concede and conform should free society of his presence, and live as a savage in the wilderness.]

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

M. Bessel, a German astronomer, has made one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, by having ascertained the parallax of the double star 61 Cygni. He found, from repeated observations, made from August 1837 to March 1840, that the parallax of Cygni did not exceed 31-hundredths of a second, which places the distance of that star from us at nearly 670,000 times that of the sun, or which is nearly 64 millions of millions of miles (or, more nearly, 63,650,000,000,000 miles). This immense distance can better be conceived when we state, that if a cannon-ball were to traverse this vast space at the rate of 20 miles a minute, it would occupy more than 6,000,000 years in coming from that star to our earth; and if a body could be projected from our earth to 61 Cygni at 80 miles an hour (which is about the same rate as the carriages on railroads travel), it would occupy at least 96,000,000 years. Light, which travels more than 11,000,000 miles in a minute, would occupy about 12 years in coming from that star to our earth.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF TWO SEAMEN.

An English navy captain found himself in Lisbon during the late civil war. Numerous complaints were continually making to him of the detention of English subjects by the Miguelette squadron. Among the rest were two men, whose account of themselves was such that he caused a strict examination to be made concerning them. The result of his inquiries was to confirm the truth of their story, which was to the following effect:—

They were the sole survivors of a crew of twenty-four men, belonging to an English vessel called the *St Helena*, which was sailing near the island of that name, when a ship under Portuguese colours hove in sight. She bore down on the *St Helena*, and a boat with persons dressed as officers came alongside, and asked and obtained permission to come on board. They behaved with great courtesy; and while inspecting the ship, the chief of the party asked leave of the captain of the *St Helena* for his second in command to come and see the ship too. A signal was hoisted for him, and on board he came, bringing another boat's crew of men along with him. They then asked leave to go below and see the arrangements there; meanwhile, another signal was hoisted for a third officer, who with his boat's crew made up fifty foreigners on the deck of the *St Helena*. The captain meanwhile escorted his guests about below; but on his return to the deck, he was instantly seized from behind, and his arms pinioned. Looking round, he perceived that the whole of his crew were fast bound to the rigging, and his ship in the hands of pirates.

Concealment being at an end, the pirates now hastened below, and commenced a search for plunder, in which they were very successful, as the *St Helena* had specie on board. Unhappily, in the course of their search, they came upon a cask of spirits, and knocking the top off, they drank till they were half intoxicated, when they rushed upon deck in a state of fury, and commenced proceedings by cutting off the captain's head, and throwing him into the sea. One by one the crew shared the same fate, except the two men in question, who escaped unharmed.

in the beginning of the scuffle, and hid themselves below among some casks. Here they heard the struggling and screaming, and the splash of the bodies thrown overboard, till there were no more victims left. Then, in a kind of frenzy, the pirates yelled, fired shots through the rigging, cut away the masts, and attempted to scuttle the ship; but being stoutly built, and of very hard wood, it defied their efforts, especially in their drunken condition. So, after having exhausted their powers of destruction, they departed. The two men below watched the pirate ship sail; but for eight or ten hours more they dared not come on deck. When they did so, they found themselves in a mere hulk in the midst of the Atlantic; ignorant of which way to steer, they contrived to hoist a small remnant of a sail, and abandoning themselves to the mercy of the winds, they reached in safety the coast of Africa. Soon after they were picked up by the *Miguelites*, and carried to the mouth of the Tagus.

FLOWERS FOR THE BEE.

Come, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
To the fragrant tufts of the wild thyme come,
And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.

Come, honey-bee,
There is spread for thee
A rich repast in wood and field,
And a thousand flowers
Within our bowers
To thee their nectar'd essence yield.

Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
There's a lesson for us in thy busy hum;
Thou hast treasure in store in the hawthorn's wreath,
In the golden broom and the purple heath;
And flowers less fair
That scent the air,
Like pleasant friends drop balm for thee,
And thou winnest spoil
By thy daily toil.
Thou patient, and thrifty, and diligent bee.

We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore,
"The hand of the diligent gathereth store."
He plies in his calling from morn till night,
Nor tires of his labour nor flags in his flight;
From numerous blossoms of every hue,
He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.
Then homeward he speeds
O'er the fragrant meads,
And he hums as he goes his thankful lay—
Let our thanks too arise
For our daily supplies,
As homeward and heavenward we haste on our way.
—*The Wild Garland*.

THE UNFORTUNATE CIPHER.

The *Marseilles Gazette* a few weeks ago tells us a curious anecdote relating to one of the first commercial men of the town. This gentleman, having a business correspondent on the African coast, be thought him some time since, that, as some members of his family had shown a partiality for monkeys, he might gratify them by sending for one or two specimens of these animals from Africa. Accordingly, he wrote to his correspondent to procure two or three, of the finest and most admired species, and transmit them to Marseilles. Chance so ordered it that the merchant, in putting down the *ou* (in English *or*), between the figures 2 and 3, made the *o* very prominent, while the *r* remained scarcely visible.

"What great events from trifling causes spring."

Some months afterwards, a ship-porter came in all haste to the old merchant, and announced to him that his menagerie had arrived. "Menagerie!" cried the merchant. "Yes, a menagerie; a whole cargo of monkeys had arrived to his consignment!" The merchant could scarcely credit the announcement, until the letter of his correspondent was put into his hands. In that epistle, the African negotiant, a man of the most uncompromising exactitude, excused himself very earnestly for not having been able, with all his exertions, to procure more than 160 monkeys, in place of the 203 ordered; but promised, as soon as possible, to fulfil the entire demand. The feelings of the honest merchant may be guessed, when, on moving down to the quay to satisfy himself on the subject by ocular inspection, he beheld his 160 monkeys, all duly caged and littered, and grinning at him with the most laudable pertinacity. It was a moment when a man might reasonably doubt whether it would be best to laugh or cry. So much for the value of ciphers!

AN AGED INFANT.

An honest peasant-woman, named Maria Plor, is at present living in the Faubourg of Maubeuge, in the north of France, and has attained her hundredth year. She lately lost one of her offspring, who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah," said the old mother, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"

GUIDING BALLOONS.

An experiment of great interest was made during the last month (April), at the chateau of Villetaneuse, near St Denis. Messieurs S—, father and son, booksellers, announced some time since that they had discovered a sure and effective mode of guiding balloons in the air. Several trials, which were made at the Military School of Paris, had been attended with perfect success, and, at the chateau of Villetaneuse, more extensive experiments produced the same result. M. S—, the younger, after being elevated to a height of several hundred yards, in a balloon with a rope attached to it, put in operation the ingenious mechanism invented by himself and his father, and made the machine course towards the west, in the teeth of a pretty strong gale from that direction. He then re-

turned upon his route, stopped at will, and made the balloon turn and move in all possible directions, to the delight and astonishment of the numerous spectators. He kept up his evolutions for a space of three hours. [If this invention be available in all situations (which we should be inclined, however, to doubt), it will remove the great difficulty which stands at present in the way of turning aërostation to useful and practical purposes.]

AMIAILITY BEFORE BEAUTY.

Amiability of temper, as we have always represented, is in most instances more highly esteemed than personal attractions, whether in the choice of wives or in accepting of husbands; and, what may be often remarked, the most amiable in disposition are the most plain in appearance. A newspaper, a few weeks since, offered the following little narrative, in illustration of the blessed effects of this kind of amiability:—"A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was wedded to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features, and a stupid-looking physiognomy. A kind friend said to her one day, 'My dear Julia, how came you to marry that man?' 'The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in his appearance, not attractive in his conversation; but he is so amiable. And goodness, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and is certainly more durable. We often see objects which appear repulsive at first, but if we see them every day, we soon regard them not only without aversion but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual, but it remains for ever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband. I was quite young when he was introduced for the first time into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him; and I confess that I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me, in a low voice, 'He is so amiable.' And then it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assembled together at our fêtes and dances, he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was profuse in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable.' One morning my mother called me to her boudoir, and told me that the young man, who is now my husband, had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma, and hardly knew how to act. When I recollected his ill-favoured look and his awkwardness, I was on the point of saying, 'I will not wed him,' and I blushed for him, which is a strong proof that I even then felt interested in him; but when I recalled the many excellent traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolence and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence. I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable.' He continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents, and cheered by my smiles. My other admirers, one by one, left me, but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, 'he is so amiable,' so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as 'he is so handsome.' I loved him, and took him as my husband. Since then, I have not only been resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly, and how can I help loving him? There is something exceedingly touching in this love which beauty entertains for goodness; and there is no doubt that some women love from a feeling of benevolence, or tender compassion, regulated by reason. Such an affection will know no change; it is a firm basis, and will endure through life."

A PERCEPTION FOR IMPROVEMENT.

A man whose mind is bent on advancing the condition of society, can never be at a loss to find objects to which his good wishes and enterprise may be directed. The late Sir John Sinclair, the eminent friend of agricultural improvement, was a man of this stamp; of the quickness of his perception, and the warmth of his philanthropy, the minister of Lathron presents the following anecdote, in his account of that parish:—"On one occasion Sir John happened to be travelling along Loch Tay side, and observing the country very densely peopled with small tenantry, and that the lofty range of mountains, green to the very summits, with which this beautiful lake is surrounded, were chiefly pastured by sheep, inquired how the people, in so remote a quarter, disposed of their wool; and being informed that each family employed one, two, or three spinning-wheels, according to the number of females it contained, it readily occurred to him that a spinning-mill might prove a great acquisition in the district, and find abundant employment. He accordingly sought out the ablest person for such an undertaking, and was directed to a Mr McNaughton in the vicinity of Kenmore. To him he immediately repaired, and, after enumerating the advantages likely to arise to the whole neighbourhood from such a concern, together with the great probability of its success, and the prospect of the emoluments which it held out, strongly urged him to undertake it. This Mr McNaughton at first declined, assigning as a reason, that neither he nor any other individual in the place could afford to run the risk of a failure. 'Well,' said Sir John, 'but will you conduct it, provided I take risk upon myself?' To this Mr McNaughton, after some hesitation, assented. The mill was soon procured and commenced operations; and so completely were Sir John's predictions realised, that in a few years thereafter, Mr McNaughton erected other two at his own expense in other parts of the country—a circumstance no less gratifying to the originator than advantageous to the surrounding community."

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. ORR, Paternoster Row.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.